



adults only  
#3 95

# LAST GASP

COMIX

& STORIES #3



# LAST GASP COMIX & STORIES #3

Hey. So, like, this French guy says to me, "The problem with your comic book is that it has no theme," and I say, "Sure it does- whatever the fuck I think is cool," and he says, "Oh, how american." Well, thanks. Really, thanks a lot, I couldn't figure how to start this editorial. I mean, I tend to have grave misgivings about everything I choose for publication, until someone dares to criticize what I do.

At that point, I realize that even if I'm not completely confident about what I'm doing, even if I'm worried that some of my own choices for inclusion are not completely defensible on an artistic or, god help me, a "literary" basis, even if the project in its totality adds up to nothing more than a purposeless nihilistic cry of despair...none of that really matters.

All that matters, my fellow americans, is that each individual piece included here fucking rocks, it works, it brings about closure, it answers the questions it raises, the components of its design are integrated into its overall structure, it looks good, it feels good, it does not argue, it does not compromise, it does not shirk its responsibilities, it can hold its liquor, it works for a living, it is **cool**, man, in any way you wish to define the term.

**This issue's theme: "Laughing into the Abyss"**

L.G.C. & S. #3 was  
Edited by: **Noah Mass**  
Assisted by: **Cleavo**

## What it is

### **Front Cover**

**Better Laid Than Never**

### **Asthma Boy**

**Skid Row-A-Go-Go (I)**

**Spun**

**Skid Row-A-Go-Go (II)**

**The Lemon Kids**

**Pie (Pt.1)**

**Wyoming (Pt.1)**

**Mister Pons vs. Robot Head**

**(part 3 of a series)**

**Beer City**

**The Child Man**

**The Hippogryph Files**

**We Are Cattle**

**Dinner For Two**

**Back Cover**

## Who did it

**Eric White.** S.F., outwardly calm, artiste extraordinaire  
**Mats Stromberg.** Swedish born, French speaking, "San Fran Sicko" is his latest publication

**Brad Johnson.** S.F., self effacing, wears glasses

**Mats Stromberg.** (see above)

**Lisa Onomoto.** Berkeley, little goth girl artist, cute voice

**Mats Stromberg.** (this guy again!)

**Steven Weisman.** S.F., "Yikes!" promulgator, clean shaven.

**Steven Cerio.** N.Y., fan of the Residents, used to look like a slob (but I haven't seen him in years, so you never know).

**David Fremont.** S.F., animator, wry sense of humor, average height.

**Danny Hellman.** N.Y., illustrator, I've never seen him, good phone manners.

**Chuck Sperry & Bucky Sinister.** S.F., makers of "Chuck and Bucky" ice cream.

**Stéphane Blanquet.** France, young guy with wheels, "Chacal Puant" editor.

**Patrick Welch.** U.K., cheerful, English, went to college.

**Anonymous Bosch & Robin Goodfellow.** S.F., two males, disturbing looks in their eyes.

**Max Andersson.** Sweden born and located, genius person, "Pixy" creator

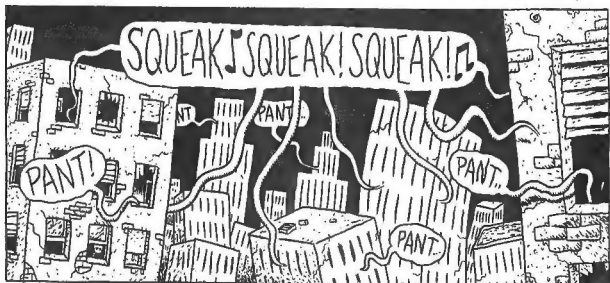
**Stéphane Blanquet.** Ahh, Stéphane. Again.

Although I appreciate getting submissions, I also appreciate hearing feedback from readers, if there are any. Both artists begging for exposure AND readers with a bone to pick or a response to make should pick that bone and mail that response in the direction of: **Last Gasp, 777 Florida Street, San Francisco, CA, 94110**, and write **Attn: Noah Mass** on the envelope. If you say something interesting, I may print your letter in a future issue. Ready? Aim? Fire! Hah! Missed!



# BETTER Laid THAN NEVER!

THE SEXUAL EXPLOITS OF EDGAR WANKER

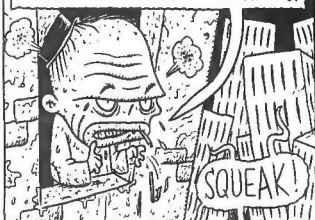


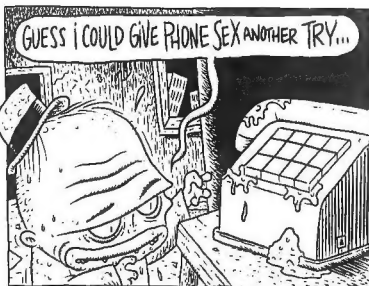
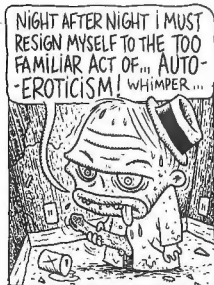
NIGHT TIME! AND ALL AROUND THE GREAT METROPOLIS, THE PIERCING SOUND OF SQUEAKY BEDSPRINGS RING IN A NIGHTLY RITUAL!.. THE HOUR OF CARNAL PASSION!!

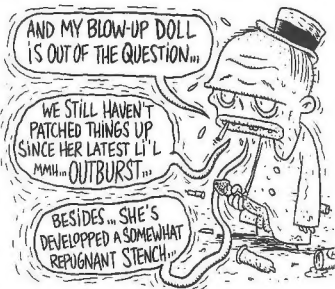
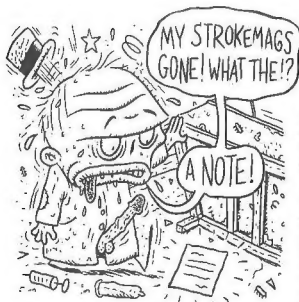
THAT, HOWEVER, IS NOT THE CASE IN THE SQUALID DWELLINGS OF EDGAR WANKER...



THIS BITES! THE HOUR OF PASSION AT ITS PEAK & NO ONE TO TICKLE MY TESTICLES!





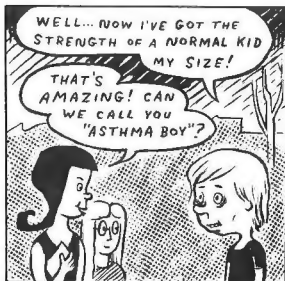


Bernie Chadwick is ~

# ASTHMA BOY

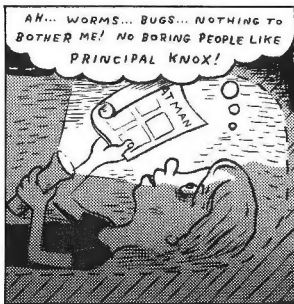
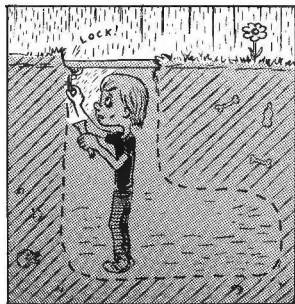
by RAZORBRANCH





BERNARDO LOVES HIS ONE-EYED DOG









**S  
K  
D  
W  
A  
G  
G  
G  
G**





SOMETIMES I DREAM  
I'M A SUGAR-SPUN DOLL



ALWAYS FALLING  
OFF THE SHELF



ow



THERE IS ONE VERY PARTICULAR  
GENTLEMAN (THE ONLY IN BLACK)



WHO I ADORE FROM AFAR



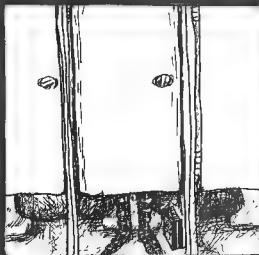
ONE NIGHT I OVERINDULGED



UNBEARABLE



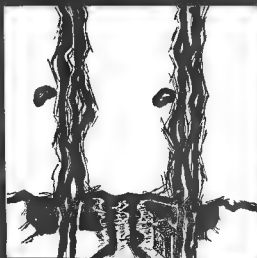
EVERYTHING TOO CLOSE TO ME



I TRIED MORE



AND MORE



AND STILL MORE



HEE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE



AS ALWAYS, HE WAS THERE



MY DRY MOUTH DROPPED OPEN



I HICCOPPED AND THEN I FELL

S  
K  
D  
R  
W  
A  
C  
O  
G  
MATS!?!

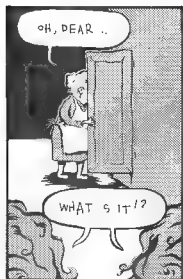


"OUR HERO AND HEROINE ARE SPENDING AN EVENING OF QUALITY TIME TOGETHER AT HOME..."

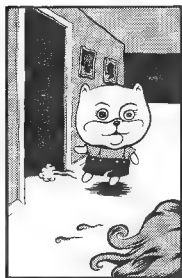


# The Lemon Kids

ALTHOUGH THINGS HAVE BEEN HARD FOR THE LEMON KIDS, SINCE THEY'VE BEEN ON THEIR OWN, THEY'VE REMAINED OPTIMISTIC. HERE, WE SEE THEM DREAMING OF BETTER TIMES







# STEVEN GERIO



Netty, Mola and Fray were born in a flowerpot  
on a sea that hadnt a shore.  
There werent any waves and there werent any fish  
but they still didnt ask for much more.



They balanced an acorn on a fishing hook cuz  
it usually kept them amused.  
But being all thumbs and clumsy and  
dumb it left them so terribly bruised.



Not only bruised but so broken boned were our  
girls so tiny and sweet.  
They died oh, so swiftly in their boat oh, so nifty  
and spoiled away in the heat.



Their bodies fed the acorn so well it grew seven  
long miles by noon.  
By ten p.m. it goosed the sun and wrapped itself  
round the moon.



Then all at once the flowerpot rose from the sea, on the back of a shark.

And from its small door swung a segmented worm who carried a small paper sack.



He pulled out a hammer and took that house to pieces to build a nice wooden giraffe.

The tree sat to smirkin' and grinnin' real wide and couldn't do nothin' but laugh.



And the tree in its wisdom could now understand  
joy that sprouted the birds and sweet flowers.  
It was swept with the love of a thousand  
young girls for a bliss of big unending powers.

But its joy didn't cease but gave life to a fish  
and two elephants that drove them to song.  
And two cities grew and bumble bees too  
and no one did anything wrong.



But their world burnt with fever and limped  
with a crutch cuz what happened, it just wasn't right.  
The pot couldn't hold the weight of the joy nor  
its scale, its girth, or height.



As the last of the joy and the last of the  
leaves went down with that heavenly tree  
An anxious and legless wonder arose in the  
form of a bumbling bee.

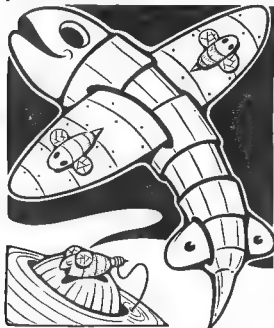


Tired to his stinger was a green ivy leaf  
and cookies he stole from a batch.

The ivy, it was the poison type and the  
cookies were all made from scratch.

From off in the distance he spotted dry ground and  
tumbled right down from the air.

It was soft, and warm, and yellow as straw and  
smelled like fresh washed hair.



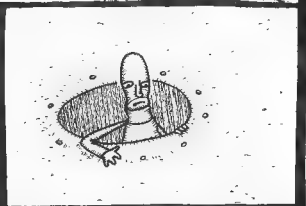
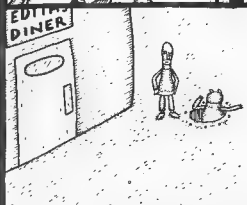
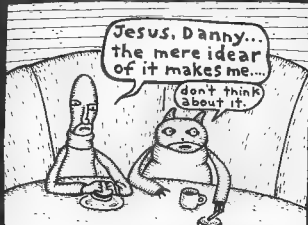
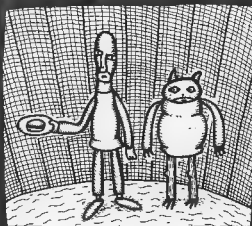
His stinger ached from the lead he towed and  
his wings were shooting with pain.

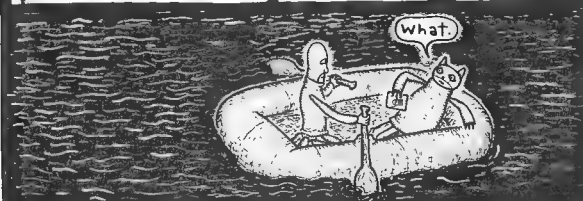
But so tired was he, that he slipped off to  
sleep and dreamt he'd become a big plane.



CONTINUED  
NEXT  
ISSUE

# WYOMING







I'm sorry, Danny.  
I...think I'm just  
stressed. Did I  
ever tell you  
about how I  
was pummeled  
as a child?..

..There was a boy by  
the name of Pigs McLip



He would sit on me and  
make me eat frostpops.

Swallow...



That's great, Carl.  
Neat story, but  
we're just about  
there.



and remember, don't  
call him a midget, ok?  
He calls himself "peep"  
and he's eleven years old



it's fuckin' weird, man.  
you'll see, Carl. Just  
don't call him "midget"



there  
it is



The Delivery Boys are here so you can get off my back now... Shut up!



you wouldn't really cut off your own thumb, would you?

No, but sometimes it feels like it just doesn't belong on my hand...



brought you a picture

oh, good... I collect these.



They sorta tell a story, see?



Want a glass of milk?

No thanks I'm Lactose intolerant.

I'll have one



Lactose Intolerant. What a pussy.



Here y' go.

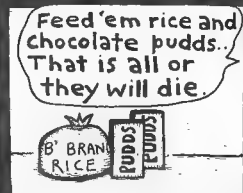
Thanks.



and here's the goods, boys.

ready?





# MISTER PONS VS. ROBOT HEAD ©1995 DANNY HELLMAN





MMM--THESE FEEL  
NICE ON THAT HOT  
BRAIN STEM?  
GLRRPH!



STUPID BLOBS OF MEAT, DRIVEN MAD  
BY HORMONES--WILL YOU  
NEVER LEARN?!

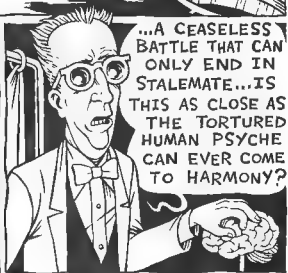
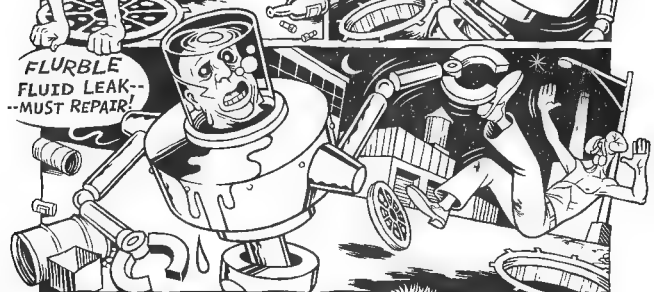
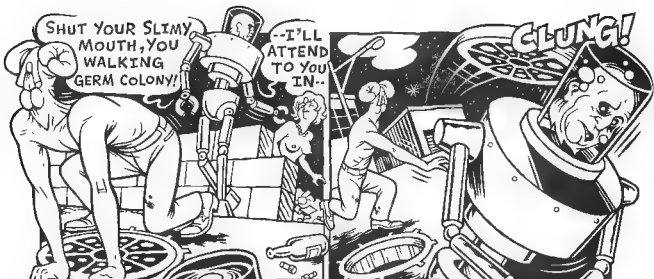
RUN!!  
IT'S THE  
ROBOT  
KILLER!



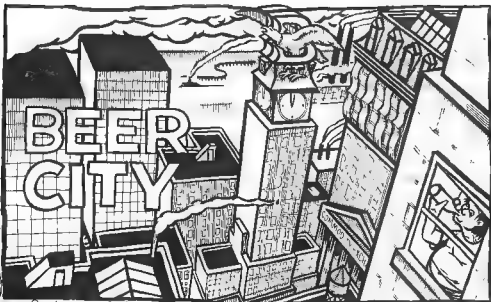
HOLD STILL, YOU SWEATY  
LITTLE PRIMATE---I  
WANT TO FEED YOU  
YOUR OWN  
OVERACTIVE  
GONADS!



HEY ROBOT-MAN--WHY  
DON'T YOU LEAVE PEOPLE  
ALONE AN' MIND YOUR BUSINESS?



YES--NOW SHUT UP.



*art:* Chuck Sperry *text:* Bucky Sinister

1995  
FOR LAST GASP  
CONTAINS 64 STORIES

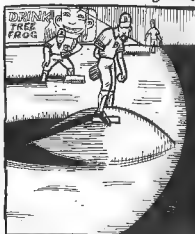
**T**here is a city in the United States whose main product is beer. The beer company employs most of the people, and when these people get off work they go to see the pro baseball team owned by the company that plays in the company-owned stadium, and consume beer products that they have spent all day packaging.



One day in the Dominican Republic, a young man named Jose, with a good arm found a boat called the American Dream and sailed for Beer City.

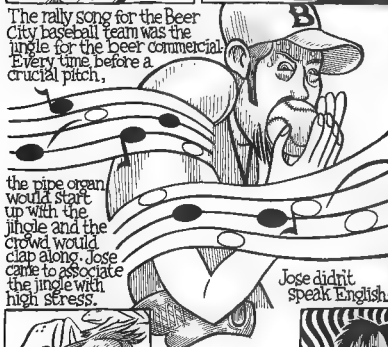


He pitched for the Beer City baseball team and soon he was sending enough money home to support his big family.

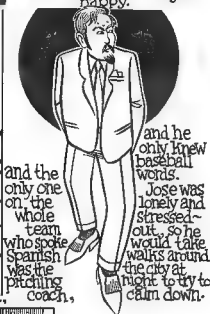


Jose hated beer, and he didn't even like baseball that much, but the money was good and his family was happy.

The rally song for the Beer City baseball team was the jingle for the beer commercial. Every time before a crucial pitch,



the pipe organ would start up with the jingle and the crowd would clap along. Jose came to associate the jingle with high stress.



and the only one on the whole team who spoke Spanish was the pitching coach,

Jose didn't speak English.

and he only knew baseball words.

Jose was lonely and stressed-out, so he would take walks around the city at night to try to calm down.

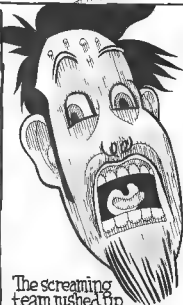
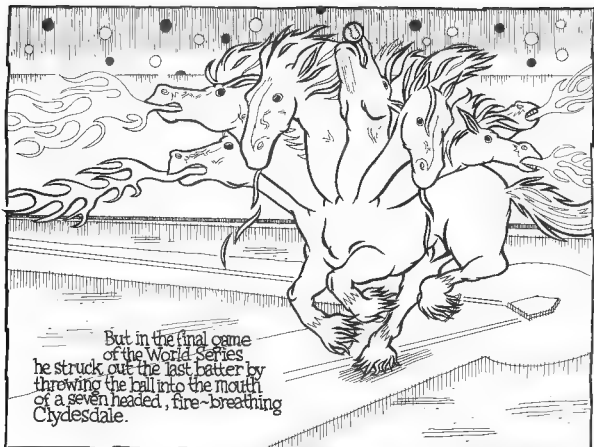


But the people of Beer City slowly looked fatter, paler, and pasty. They drooled and cozed a foamy substance. By the all-star break, everyone looked like albino frogs and smelled rancid.

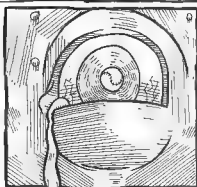


Jose longed for away games, but even then, alone in his hotel room watching TV, the beer commercial would come on, the jingle would play. The walls would breathe a little bit deeper, and the colors would glow a little bit more.

Jose became one of the greatest pitchers of all time with all the adrenaline flowing during a game.



The screaming team rushed up to hug him, the jingle started up, and someone poured beer on his head, and then Jose started screaming and the doctors are still trying to get him to stop.



Jose can you see, by the dream's early light, Jackie Robinson swinging from the scoreboard? Did you hear somebody slid into the American Dream and spiked it with six-inch cleats?

It never really healed and was traded for a state of consciousness to be named later.



PAUL HAD NEVER LIKED CHILDREN, HE RATHER HATED THEM.



BECAUSE, SINCE HE HAD BEEN A TODDLER HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN KEPT ASIDE AND GIVEN COMPLEXES BY OTHER KIDS.



THEN ONE DAY, WHILE MASTURBATING, A LIQUID BEING CAME OUT OF HIS ORGAN...



MARIO KNEW THAT THE OTHER KIDS' INSULTS HAD MADE PAUL FEEL LONE SOME AND EXCLUDED.





AND FOR A FEW DAYS MARIO TRIED TO CONVINCE PAUL TO EXACT REPRISAL... WHICH HE SUCCEEDED TO DO FOR IN 3 DAYS PAUL HAD BECOME ... (the)

# CHILD MAN

BY BLANQUET



TRANSLATED BY E. GILBERT



FREQUENTLY PLUCKING HIS FACIAL HAIR AND DRESSING 'YOUNG'?



HE EASILY INFILTRATED THE CHILDREN'S MILIEU.



AND BROUGHT A FEW KIDS BACK TO HIS HOUSE (PROMISING A SNACK).



TO TORTURE AND THEREBY GET REVENGE FOR HIS PAINFUL CHILDHOOD...



AFTER A FEW MURDERS, HE MASTURBATED TO MAKE MARIO COME.



I AM SO PROUD OF US... THIS IS THE PATH WE WILL FOLLOW...



AND PAUL GAVE HIMSELF COMPLETELY OVER TO HIS VENGEANCE.



ONE DAY HE MET A YOUNG WOMAN AND FELL IN LOVE...



IN THE EVENING, HE WOULD OFTEN THINK ABOUT HER IN HIS BED.



BUT MARIO WOULD SHOW UP WHEN HE CAME...



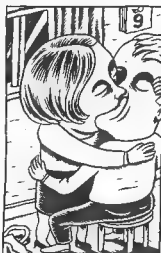
PAUL WAS EMBARRASSED AND WOULD HAVE TO MAKE UP A REASON...



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HIS BAD CONSCIENCE, PAUL KEPT A DOUBLE LIFE TORTURING...



AND GOING OUT WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.



ONE NIGHT HE WENT ALL THE WAY.



PAUL WAS SCARED OF COMING



BUT HE COULDN'T RESIST THE TURNED ON GIRL.



AND MARIO APPEARED LOCKED INSIDE THE GIRL'S BODY.



LATER ON, PAUL TRIED TO GET HIS BAD CONSCIENCE TO COME BACK.



BUT THERE HE WAS NOT



WITHOUT HIS BAD CONSCIENCE, THE MURDERS STOPPED.



PAUL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... HE HAD ALWAYS HATED KIDS ...



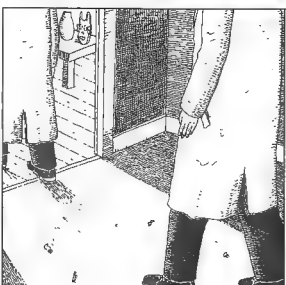
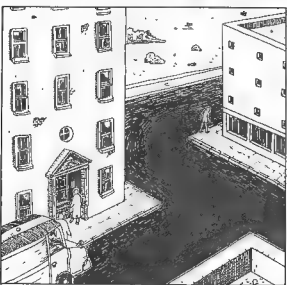
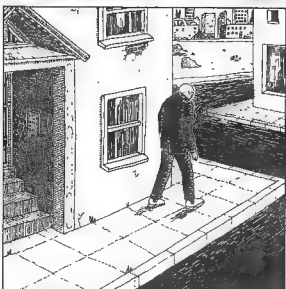
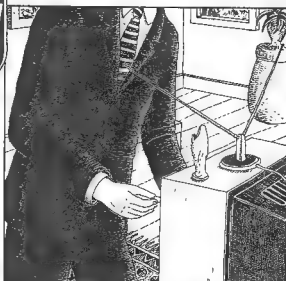
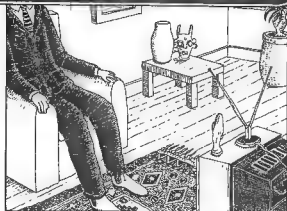
NOW, MARIO A LIQUID BEING IS A LITTLE BOY.

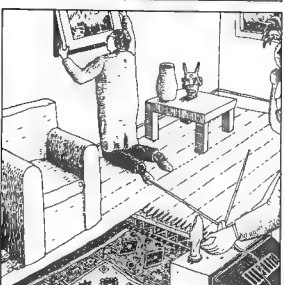
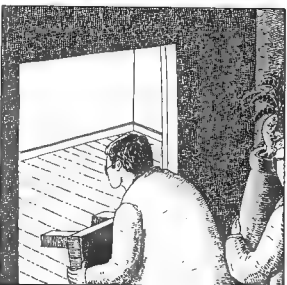
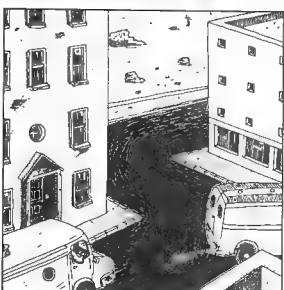
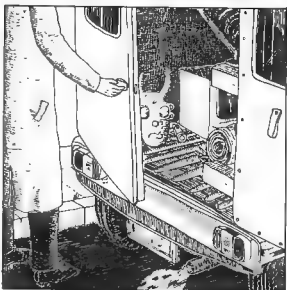
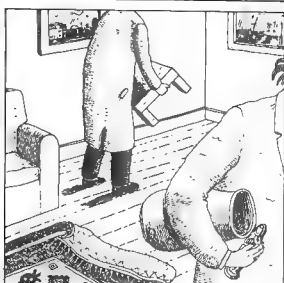
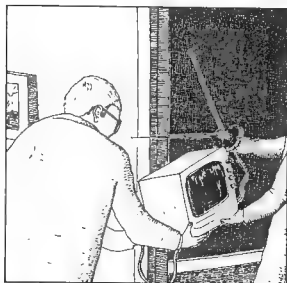


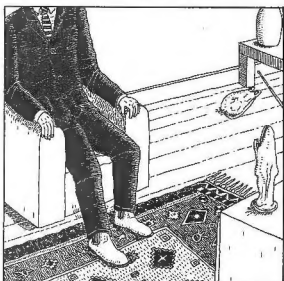
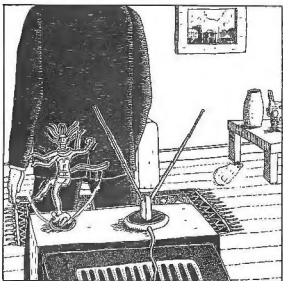
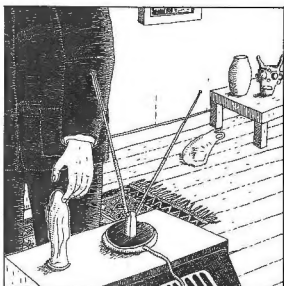
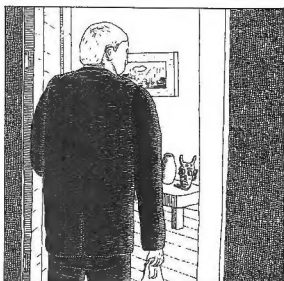
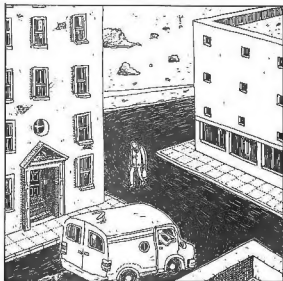
AND HE KILLED HIS CHILD!

FIN

# THE HIPPOGRYPH *files*







OF INNOCENCE (16) A CASUALTY OF THE TIMES (17) THE WORLD ECONOMY (18) THE IGNORANT MASSES (19) THE DEATH

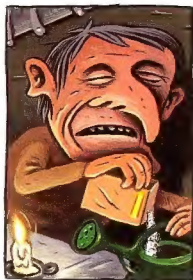
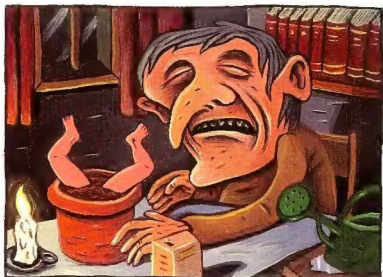


5 JAPANESE REVENGE 6 WHERE YOU LIVE 7 BEAUKRATIC SYMBOL OF POWER 8 LAW 9 THE END 10 THE MAIN 11 TRUST FUND PENCE NIKS 12 IMPOTENT SADIIST DOCTOR 13 THE PLETH OF ADDICTION 14 THE DEATH OF INNOCENCE 15 A CASUALTY OF THE TIMES 16 THE WORLD ECONOMY 17 THE IGNORANT MASSES 18 THE DEATH OF INNOCENCE 19 THE DEATH OF INNOCENCE

POOR DUM COW







END

blanquet